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OR,

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A ROMANTIC DRAMA,

In Four Acts,

DRAMATIZED FROM J. P. KENNEDY'S NOVEL OF "ROB OF
THE BOWL," BY

CHARLES FREDERICK ADAMS.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST OF
CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, PROPERTY PLOTS, RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND
EXIT, DISPOSITIONS OF CHARACTERS, ETC., ETC.

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No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET.

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ROB, THE HERMIT ;

OR,

THE BLACK CHAPEL OF MARYLAND.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*Original, White's Opera
House, Concord, N. H.*

ROB, THE HERMIT, (<i>Tragedy</i>).....	Mr. N. C. Nelson.
RICHARD COCKLESCRAFT, (<i>High Villain</i>).....	" C. N. Towle.
CAPTAIN DAUNTREES, (<i>Comedy</i>).....	" Frank Cressy.
LORD BALTIMORE, (<i>Walking Gent</i>).....	" R. A. Ray.
ALBERT VERHEYDEN, (<i>Juvenile</i>).....	" J. E. Robertson.
ANTHONY WARDEN, (<i>Old Man</i>).....	" F. S. Warren.
GARRET WEASEL, (<i>Low Comedy</i>).....	" W. P. Underhill.
ARNOLD DE LA GRANGE, (<i>Utility</i>).....	" J. R. Saye.
ROCHE DEL CARMINE, (<i>Low Villain</i>).....	" F. W. Alden.
FRANCIS, (<i>Utility</i>).....	" S. N. Prescott.
PEDRO, (<i>Utility</i>).....	" J. F. Scott.
BLANCHE WARDEN, (<i>Tragic</i>).....	Mrs. Belle Locke.
DOROTHY WEASEL, (<i>Comedy</i>).....	" M. F. Upton.
KATE OF WARRINGTON, (<i>Tragic Old Woman</i>).....	Miss Dora R. Carvill.

Soldiers, Pirates, &c

COSTUMES.

Rob, the Hermit.—Doublet of coarse serge, trunks and hose, coarse cloak, long gray wig and beard, belt with long knife.

Richard Cocklescraft.—Scarlet jacket, ash-colored breeches, made like kilt to knees ; tight gray hose, light shoes, embroidered belt with pair of richly mounted pistols, long black hair, moustache and goatee, wide sombrero in Scene II, Act II, gay cap for other scenes.

Roche del Carmine.—Gay pirate's dress.

Lord Baltimore.—Rich military or nobleman's costume of the period.

Albert Verheyden.—Dark doublet and hose, short brown cloak, black cap and feather, lace collar.

Anthony Warden.—Gentleman's costume of the period, white hair.

Garret Weasel.—Tight gray suit.

Captain Dauntrees.—Stoutly padded, bald crown, light green cloak and doublet, trimmed with yellow lace; trunk hose, parti-colored stockings, low boots, broad felt hat with plume.

Arnold de la Grange.—Buff jerkin, broad belt and buckle, brown leather leggings, deerskin cap.

Francis, Pedro and other Pirates.—Seaman's jackets, striped and colored shirts, white breeches, rich girdles with pistols and daggers, gay woolen caps, etc.

Soldiers.—Similar to ARNOLD'S or CAPTAIN'S.

Blanche Warden.—Bodice of scarlet velvet, laced in front with cords and tassels; short white sleeves looped to shoulder by bands of scarlet, white lawn skirt, white slippers, hair down, with ribbon fillet above brow; boquet on bosom, white rose on head, for Scene III, Act II. Simpler costume in other scenes.

Dorothy Weasel.—Green silk jacket with tight sleeves, trimmed with pink ribbon; stays, scarlet petticoat, brown hose with clocks, high-heeled green shoes, high conical hat with very narrow rim, of green silk with bands of pink ribbon set on teeth-wise, same as on jacket, loose kerchief around neck.

Kate of Warrington.—Witch's costume, long hair.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.

Table, flagons of wine, glasses, pipes, tobacco, &c. Four chairs. Candles. Key for DOROTHY. Lantern and basket, with luncheon and bottles in it, for GARRET. Red lights. Loaded pistols for CAPTAIN and ARNOLD. Shots for outside.

ACT II.

Kettle for fireplace. Rude wooden cross. Locket for ALBERT.

ACT III.

Rough table, bottles of liquor, tobacco, pipes, casks, boxes, &c. Papers and lantern for ROB. Lighted candles. Wine cups. Cords for FRANCIS and PEDRO. Large round stone tied with cords. Locket for ALBERT.

ACT IV.

Loaded gun for ANTHONY. Shots outside. Pikes for Pirates.

* * * There is no charge for the performance of this drama.

ROB, THE HERMIT;

OR,

THE BLACK CHAPEL OF MARYLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Parlor of the Inn of St. Mary's in third grooves. Time, evening. Table with flagon of wine, glasses and pipes, R.C.*

CAPTAIN DAUNTREES and ARNOLD DE LA GRANGE discovered seated at table. GARRET WEASEL seated near by.

Captain Dauntrees. You were not a true man, Garret Weasel, to keep us so long without your presence. No doubt Dame Dorothy has this tardy coming to answer for.

Garret Weasel. (*Drawing his chair awkwardly towards the table.*) No, no, Captain Dauntrees, my wife rules not me, indeed she does not. Customers, you know, must be waited on, though we poor servants go athirst. We are crowded to-night, are we not, Arnold?

Arnold de la Grange. Yes, with traders from the country back, who had heard by some means that Cocklescraft should be here.

Capt. I see. That fellow Cocklescraft has a trick of warning his friends. He never comes into port but there are strange rumors of him ahead. St. Mary's is not the first harbor where he drops his anchor, nor Anthony Warden the first man to docket his cargo,

Gar. You speak your mind freely, captain,

Capt. Well, but for Cocklescraft we should lack these means to be merry. The customs are at a discount on a dark night. Well, make your honest penny, Garret, all thirsty fellows will stand by you.

Gar. Nay, nay, I beseech you——

Capt. Never mind your beseeching, my modest friend. Did I not see how pale you grew when his lordship's secretary, Master Verheyden, suddenly came upon you as you were rolling a cask into the cellar in broad daylight. The secretary was in a bookish mood and did not heed, or perchance was kind and would not.

Gar. The secretary is a modest youth and grows in favor with the townspeople.

Capt. Aye, and is much beloved by his lordship. There is a cloud upon his birth, and a sorrowful tale concerning his nurture. But we should not go dry because the secretary has had mishaps. Drink, and I will tell you his story briefly. (*They drink.*) There was in Yorkshire a certain Major William Wetherby, who married a lady named Verheyden. He was a man of fierce temper, choleric, and unreasonable, and for jealousy no devil ever equalled him. Becoming jealous of his wife, he one day stabbed his best friend to the heart. By the aid of a fleet horse he escaped from the kingdom, and was never again heard of.

Arnold. Died like a dog, I s'pose.

Capt. Likely enough. His wife, poor lady, soon after died, leaving her infant son in charge of her brother. Years after, Lord Baltimore saw the youth, took him into his service, and brought him here with him. That's the whole story. It's as dry as a raisin, so moisten, masters, moisten.

Gar. (*Drinking.*) It's a sad story.

Capt. That's a good reason for a cup to the secretary. The world has many arguments for a thirsty man. But let's change the subject. Drink, laugh and be merry. (*They drink.*)

Gar. By my soul, captain, but this wine does tingle. Here's a fig for my wife Dorothy. Come and go as you like, none of your fetch and carry for me. (*Tipsily.*)

Capt. Thou art a valorous tapster.

Gar. I am a man to stand by a friend, captain. Ha, ha! let's have a song.

Capt. With all my heart. I will wag it with you merrily.

(*They sing an old drinking song, GARRET WEASEL rising and dancing unsteadily.*)

Enter LORD BALTIMORE, S.E.L.

Lord Baltimore. You give care a holiday, Captain Dauntrees.

(*CAPTAIN DAUNTREES starts, rises, bows low, and smiles. ARNOLD DE LA GRANGE rises, firm and silent. GARRET WEASEL remains fixed in his attitude, with one foot raised, arm extended, and face turned inquiringly over his shoulder. His position changes to one of profound deference.*)

Capt. Hail, my lord!

Gar. Yes, hail, hail, good lord!

Lord B. I would not disturb your merriment, but have matter for your vigilance, Captain Dauntrees. You, Arnold de la Grange, will remain with us. You, Master Weasel, may retire.

(*Exit GARRET WEASEL, U.E.L., stepping carefully and looking back.*)

Lord B. There are strange tales concerning certain mysterious doings in a house at St. Jerome's, that it is inhabited by goblins and mischievous spirits. Know'st thou aught of the Black Chapel, captain?

Capt. I know it to be a devil's den and a busy one.

Lord B. What hast thou seen, captain.

Capt. I have seen—from a distance—the windows lighted with unearthly lights, and antic figures passing them that seemed deep in some hellish carouse.

Lord B. Why was I not told of this?

Capt. We feared the ill-will of these spirits, my lord.

Lord B. What dost thou know of this house, Arnold?

Arnold. I have heard noises like clanking chains, and seen strange flashes thro' the windows.

Lord B. There is some trickery in this.

Enter GARRET WEASEL, U.E.L., behind LORD BALTIMORE.

Gar. It's a very weighty matter, my lord, a v-e-r-y weighty matter——

Lord B. (*Turning suddenly.*) What brought you here again, Garret Weasel? What hast thou to tell to excuse thy lurking at our heels?

Gar. Much and manifold, most worthy lord! "Rob, the Hermit" lives very near the Black Chapel.

Lord B. Fie on thee, Garret Weasel. Thou art in thy cups. I grieve to see thee making such a beast of thyself. Leave us.

(*Exit GARRET WEASEL, U.E.L.*)

Lord B. Think you, Captain Dauntrees, the hermit gives credit to these tales?

Capt. He must be a witness to these marvels, but he is a man of harsh words and lives to himself.

Lord B. This matter must be sifted; and this duty shall be yours. I would have you and Arnold, with such discreet men as you may select, visit this chapel to-night and observe the doings there. Good evening, friends, may the kind saints be with you. (*Exit S.E.L.*)

Capt. The blessed martyrs shield us! We are pledged to fight his lordship's bodily foes, but methinks the good priests were better fitted for this warfare. But, Arnold, go to the fort and see that our horses are ready. (*Exit ARNOLD DE LA GRANGE, S.E.R.*)

Enter DOROTHY WEASEL, U.E.L.

Dorothy Weasel. Heaven help those thirsty roystering men! They

are still at it as greedily as if they had just come out of a dry lent! From morn till noon and noon till night it is all the same, drink! drink! drink! There's nothing but riot and reeling from the time Cocklescraft is expected in the port till he leaves it.

Capt. True enough, jolly queen. But what has become of Cocklescraft?

Dor. And what has become of that man Weasel. He is never at his place if the whole house should go dry. He would see me work myself as thin as a broom handle before he would offer to help me.

Enter GARRET WEASEL, S.E.R.

Gar. Did you have need of me, wife Dorothy?

Dor. Get you gone, you are ever in the way! Your head is always thrust in places where it is not wanted!

Gar. I can but return whence I came. *(Going.)*

Dor. Stay! I have occasion for you. Go to the cellar and bring up another stoop of Hollands. Yonder salt fish have no relish for ale.

(Exit GARRET WEASEL, U.E.L.)

Capt. Bless me, dame, how you are tricked out this evening. A more tidy bit of flesh and blood I never saw! You wear most bravely, Mistress Dorothy! Stand aside and let me survey. Turn your shoulders round. *(Turning her round upon her heel.)* There is a woman of ten thousand. I envy Garret such a store of womanly wealth!

Dor. If Garret were the man I took him for your would have borne a broken head ere this!

Capt. I would speak now with Garret in this room, pretty hostess. For my sake you will send him to me, will you not, old Garret's jolly young wife!

Dor. You wheedling cheat! Garret is no older than you are. But, truly, he is little needed in the tap-room, so he may come to you.

Capt. Thank you, dame. I knew you would not refuse me. Hark you, dame. Bring your ear to my lips. A word in secret. *(Dorothy stoops.)* That's for thy pains. *(He kisses her.)*

Dor. And that's for thy impudence, saucy captain!

(Boxes his ears and exits U.E.L.)

Enter GARRET WEASEL, U.E.L.

Capt. You must know, Garret, that we go to-night to visit the Wizard's Chapel, by his lordship's order. And as I would have brave fellows with me, I have sent for you.

Gar. Heaven bless me! It might mar the matter to have so many on so secret an expedition. And there's my wife Dorothy. She will never consent.

Capt. Leave that to me. You shall be our commissary and take along a few bottles of good canary and a luncheon in a basket.

Gar. I should have my nag, and my wife keeps the key of the stable. She would suspect something were I to ask for it.

Capt. I will make her give it you of her own accord. Say that you will go with us, Garret. It will be the finishing stroke of your fortunes; you will be a man of mark forever after.

Gar. I am a man to be looked to in a strait, captain! I saw by his lordship's eye this evening that he was much moved by what I told him. But what will Dorothy say in the morning?

Capt. Only that you were rash and hot-headed. Why, only to-night she sighed and said you were growing old.

Gar. Old! old! did she say? I'll show her that I am not old. A fig for her scruples! I will go with you, comrade, to any goblin's chapel. Old, indeed!

(DOROTHY WEASEL shows herself at door, S.E.L.)

Capt. Come in, come in, my princess of pleasant thoughts.

(GARRET WEASEL retires up.)

Enter DOROTHY WEASEL, S.E.L.

Dor. There's nothing but soft words or swaggering speeches where you are, Captain Dauntrees. An honest woman had best be seen little in your company.

(Sits herself, R.C.)

Capt. Have you heard the news, Mistress Dorothy, about the mercer's wife? You owe the jade a sly grudge, do you not?

Dor. In faith I do, and would gladly pay it. But what is the story, captain? Pray tell it me, give me all of it.

Capt. Why, have you not heard it? It's a rare joke, and Garret must have told you.

Dor. No, no. The story would only be spoiled by his telling it.

Capt. It's a long story. I pray you, dame, what o'clock is it?

Dor. Not after nine. It matters not for the hour—go on.

Capt. Nine? nine? did you say? Truly, dame, I have overstaid my time. I have papers to deliver to his lordship before he retires. Garret must tell the story for me.

Dor. Nay, captain. The papers may be delivered by some other hand. Here, Garret, now, there's no reason why he should not do it. 'Tis but a step to the fort and back.

Gar. (Coming down L.) I can take my nag and ride there in twenty minutes.

Dor. Then get you gone, without parley.

Gar. But the key of the stable, wife?

Dor. (Handing him key.) Take it and begone.

Capt. If you will go, Garret—and it's very kind in you—take these papers and see that they are delivered safely. (Giving him papers.) You comprehend?

Gar. I comprehend, captain.

(Exit S.E.L.)

Dor. Now, captain?

Capt. Well, mistress, old Cadger, the mercer, you know, who is in the main a discreet man——

Dor. Yes.

Capt. I mean, biding some little follies, which you know of. A man in his vocation is apt to be somewhat cautious. Now in our calling of soldiership caution is a sneaking virtue, which we soon send to the——

Dor. But of the mercer's wife, captain.

Capt. Yes, I am coming to her presently. Well, Cadger is a shade or two jealous of that fussock, his wife, who looks, with her new russet cloak, more like a brown hay-cock than a woman.

Dor. (*Laughing.*) Yes, and with a sun-burned top. Her red hair is no better.

Capt. Well, Halfpenny, the chapman, who is a mad wag for mischief, came last night to Cadger's house, bringing with him Lawrence Hay, the viewer. Now the viewer is a handsome man, and a merry one upon occasion, too. I have heard it said that the mercer's wife has rather a warm side for the viewer. Be that as it may, there was the most laughable joke played on the mercer by Halfpenny and the viewer together last night that was ever thought of. It was this: they were playing blindmans-buff, and when it came the turn of the mercer's wife to be blinded—there was an agreement that no one should speak a word——

Dor. Yes, I understand, I see it.

(*Draws her chair nearer to the CAPTAIN.*)

Capt. No, no, you would never guess it. I can show you better by the acting of the scene. Here, get down on your knees and let me put your handkerchief over your eyes.

(*Takes handkerchief from off her neck as she kneels.*)

Dor. What good will that do?

Capt. Do it, mistress. You will laugh at the explosion. It is an excellent jest, and well worth learning. (*Bandages her eyes—holds up fingers.*) How many fingers, dame?

Dor. Never a finger do I see, captain.

Capt. It is well. Now stand up. (*She rises.*) Forth and away. That was the signal given by the viewer. Turn, and grope through the room, Mistress Dorothy. Oh, you shall laugh at this roundly. Grope, dame, grope!

(*DOROTHY WEASEL gropes up stage blindly. Exit CAPTAIN DAUNTREES, softly, S.E.R.*)

Closed in.

SCENE II.—*Wood Scene in Second Grooves. Stage darkened. Waves heard breaking upon beach in distance.*

Enter CAPTAIN DAUNTREES and ARNOLD DE LA GRANGE, armed, and GARRET WEASEL, with lantern and basket with bottles, etc., R.

Gar. Is the dame likely to be angry, captain? Does she suspect us for a frisk to-night? Oh, it will be a perilous adventure for me to-morrow!

Capt. I left her groping for a secret at blindman's buff. She has found it before now, and I'll warrant is in a perfect hurricane. It wouldn't be safe for you to return now, Garret.

Gar. Alack! alack! for these pranks! I am in for a week's repentance, sure.

Capt. We must be near St. Jerome's, are we not, Arnold? I surely hear the stroke of the tide upon the beach.

Arnold. It is the waves striking upon the sand at the head of the inlet.

Capt. The Wizard's Chapel, then, is near this spot. We must forward at once. But your teeth will betray us, Master Garret, they chatter so. If you are cold, man, button up your coat.

Gar. Yes, verily, it is a cold night, captain. What is that? I hear something like the howl of a dog, and yet more devilish, I should say. I am c-c-cold, still c-c-cold, Master Captain. (*Shivering.*)

Capt. Tush, man, it's the ringing in your own ears that you hear. Make yourself comfortable here, Garret, while we take a look at the chapel. You shall guard the forage till we return.

Gar. That is well thought of. While you advance toward the shore, I will keep a sharp lookout here. I will have a sharp eye and a ready hand, captain.

(*Exit CAPTAIN DAUNTREES and ARNOLD DE LA GRANGE, R.*)

Gar. In the dark, a man cannot see, that stands to reason. It makes a difference when you see your enemies. A brave man, by nature, requires light. And, besides, what kind of an enemy do we fight? Hobgoblins, not men, I am not afraid of any man in Christendom—or any woman either—except, except my wife Dorothy. But these whirring and whizzing ghosts, that mew like bats and fly about one's ears like cats—no, no, I mean that fly like bats and mew like cats—I don't like. I should have followed the captain, only he was so anxious I should remain here and watch. Well, here are solid comforts at hand. (*Takes luncheon and bottles from the basket, eats and drinks.*) I will now perform a turn of duty. (*Replaces bottles, etc.—crosses stage—suddenly stops, looking off L.—frightened.*) Heaven have mercy on me! what do I see! I am alone, and the enemy has come upon me.

Enter KATE OF WARRINGTON, L.

Kate of Warrington. Watcher of the night, draw nigh. What seekest thou?

Gar. (Trembling.) In the name of all that's good, spare me, spare me, worthy dame! I seek no harm to thee. I am old, mother—too old, and with too many sins of my own to account for, to seek harm to any one—much less to you, good dame. Oh, Lord! why was I seduced upon this fool's errand?

Kate. Come nigh, old man, while I speak to thee. Why do you loiter there? What dost thou matter? *(She steps forward.)*

Gar. I but waited here till some friends of mine should return. How goes the night with you, good dame?

Kate. Merrily, merrily! *(Shrill laugh.)* I can but laugh to find the henpecked vintner of St. Mary's at this time of night so near the Black Chapel. I know your errand, old seller of cheap wines, and why you have brought your cronies.

Gar. You know all things, worthy dame. I were a fool to try to keep a secret from you.

Kate. Fool, it is as much as your life is worth to bring your brawlers to St. Jerome's at midnight. Who showed the way to this place, and the path to my cabin, that I must be driven out at this hour?

Gar. Indeed I know not, good woman.

Kate. They will call themselves friends to the chapel; but there are no friends to the chapel among living men. The chapel belongs to the dead and the tormentors of the dead. So follow your cronies and command them back; I warn you to follow, if you would save them from harm. *(Red lights flashed, L.)* Ha, ha! look there. *(Points off, L.)* It has come already! They have aroused our sentries, and there shall be hot work. Friends, forsooth, *(shouting)* friends! are ye? *(Red lights.)* And that's the token ye are known to be false liars! Woe to the fool that plants his foot before the chapel. Stand there, Garret Weasel; I must away. Follow me but a step—raise thy head to look after my path—and I will strike thee blind and turn thee into a drivelling idiot for the rest of thy days. Remember!

(Exit L. GARRET WEASEL creeps off R., with basket and lantern.)

SCENE III.—*The Bench of St. Jerome's and Exterior of the Black Chapel in Fourth grooves. Stage darkened. Set house, with practicable windows, L.C. Waves heard upon beach.*

Enter CAPTAIN DAUNTREES and ARNOLD DE LA GRANGE, S.E.R.

Capt. By my sword, Arnold, although we laugh at yonder white livered vintner, this matter might excuse fear in a stouter man. The

love I bear Lord Baltimore is all that brings me here to-night. They say these spirits are quick to punish rashness.

Arnold. As Lord Charles commands us we must do his bidding. I have been scared more than once by these night devils, but never lost my wits so far as not to run at the proper season.

Capt. I am an old soldier, and will not be scared from duty by this brood of goblins. His lordship shall not say we failed in our outlook. There is the chapel.

Arnold. A silent and wicked house.

Capt. And a pretty spot for the devil to lurk in.

Arnold. Hold, captain, no foul words so near the haunted house. The good saints protect us!

Capt. Ha, I will break in the door of this ungodly den and ransack its very corners. Holy St. Michael! the fiend is in the chapel and warns us away!

(Red lights flashed from windows of chapel. Picture. ARNOLD DE LA GRANGE recedes with hand over his eyes. CAPTAIN DAUNTREES about to advance; is suddenly arrested in his steps with sword held above his head, and cloak drawn beneath his chin with left hand.)

Capt. I see Satan's imps within the chamber. I see the very servants of the Fiend! What ho! bastards of Belzebub! In the name of our patron saint, Ignatius, I defy them!

(Rushes towards house with drawn sword. Red flashes again—figures of men in muffled cloaks seen through the windows an instant. CAPTAIN DAUNTREES retreats—draws pistol—another flash—he discharges it at window. Yells and hoarse laughter heard from chapel.)

Capt. Once more I defy thee! and in the name of our Holy Church and by the order of the Lord Proprietary I demand what do you here with these hellish rites? *(A loud laugh is heard and a pistol fired from window.)* Protect yourself, Arnold, these devils use weapons like our own. Ay, laugh again, fiends, though ye be devils we will fight you!

(CAPTAIN DAUNTREES fires pistol—ARNOLD DE LA GRANGE fires—yells, laughter, etc., heard—shots exchanged—rolling thunder heard—red lights—masked figures seen dancing through windows—hurried music—picture—curtain drops.)

END OF ACT I.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Roadside Scene in First Grooves.*

Enter CAPTAIN DAUNTREES, ARNOLD DE LA GRANGE and GARRET WEASEL, L.

Capt. Yes, last night made a man of you, Garret Weasel. You should bless your stars you have such elements of valor in you.

Gar. Ay, and look you, Captain, you must remember I had the brunt of it alone, while you two were banded together for mutual defence and support. There I was in the very midst of them—bags on broomsticks, flying bats as big as a man, great sword-fishes walking on legs; with their screeching, moping and mewling—I had need of all my bravery.

Capt. Yes, Garret, but you were ever the man to encounter witches—and women. Now there is your wife. Oh, but there is peril in store for you! But here comes his lordship. *(Looks off R.)*

Enter LORD BALTIMORE, R.

Lord B. Good morning, friends; how went the night with thee?

Capt. We have seen the inmates of the chapel, and were on our way to report to your lordship.

Gar. Ay, your lordship. I maintained a post of honor and great danger, and saw what neither the captain nor Arnold saw. Oh, but it was a fearful sight!

Lord B. Well, Arnold, what sayest thou?

Arnold. These ghosts and goblins keep a hot house, and the less we have to do with them the better.

Lord B. They fired upon you, then; with what weapons?

Capt. You may judge of them by this. *(Holds up his cloak with a rent in its folds.)* Whether this be a bullet mark or an elf-shot, I know not.

Lord B. There is knavery in league with this sorcery. I will hear a full report of this hereafter. I thank you, friends, for your exploit. Farewell. *(Exit L.)*

Capt. *(Looks off R.)* In the devil's name, what have we here? As I live, it's our queen of the hostel! Oh, Garret, Garret! here's a volcano! Stand firmly on your legs, Garret, and brace up for the onslaught.

Gar. Oh, oh, it's my wife Dorothy!

Capt. Ay, get behind me, Garret, I will answer her.

(GARRET WEASEL gets behind CAPTAIN DAUNTREES.)

Enter DOROTHY WEASEL, R.

Dor. Hold, runagates! varlets! out upon you for a filthy captain! Give me that idiot from your beastly company. Garret Weasel, Garret Weasel, you have been the death of me!

Gar. Oh, good mistress Dorothy, wife, don't be so angry.

Dor. I will bare you to the buff, driveller, to pay for this. You are steeped in wickedness and abomination by consorting with that drunken captain and this most horrid wood ranger. Have you no eye for your family, no regard for your good name, that you must be strolling o' nights with every pot-guzzler and foul-mouthed cast-off of the wars? I am ashamed of you, Garret Weasel! You've been drunk again, I'll warrant!

Capt. Dame, I must speak now.

Dor. Thon! thon! Did you not beguile me last night, with a base lie? Did you not practice upon me, you false-hearted, faithless coward? Did you not steal my husband from me, you thief?

Capt. Appearances, certainly, are against me. But I had a most excellent reason, which a virtuous and tender-hearted woman like yourself will surely approve when she hears it. There was no reveling, no rioting, good dame, but faithful and brave service enjoined by his lordship. It was an action of pith and bravery, and his lordship wishing the good services of your husband, and knowing you to be a woman of a loving heart, and fearing you would not consent to having your husband so exposed to danger, did wish me to gain him from you on some slight pretext. And now Garret has worthily achieved his perilous duty, and there will be promotion and great advantages for this, dame, which will set you high above your neighbors—ay, and far above that proud jade, the mercer's wife.

Dor. Do you speak the truth? Where did you spend the night?

Gar. At the Black Chapel, wife, at the Black Chapel! and oh, the time we had of it! It would make your blood freeze to hear of it.

Capt. On the honor of a soldier, mistress, by the faith of this right hand, I swear this is true.

Dor. Can this be true? Arnold, I will believe what you say.

Arnold. You may trust every word of it, as I am a Christian man.

Dor. Well, I believe you, but you are a wheedling, cogging cheat, captain; you will have a melancholy end yet. We will go to the inn.

(They exeunt R.)

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Hermit's Hut in Third grooves Practicable door. L.F. Fireplace and kettle, R.F.*

ROB, THE HERMIT *discovers* seated c. KATE OF WARRINGTON *at work, R.C.*

Rob. Ha! ha! dame, the skipper made a gay fight of it last night. It was the devil's own luck that Cocklescraft should have stored away his plunder and garrisoned the chapel in season to give those spies a warm reception. Ha! ha! yes, he came full freighted, as is his wont, with the world's plunder. A keener knave than Richard was never born. He will soon be here to visit me, and shall be welcome, as he ever has been. We are comrades—the skipper and the hermit—and merry in our divisions. Kate, double the contents of your pot—the skipper may be hungry.

Kate. Let him bring his own provender, then.

Rob. He brings the gold, the bright red gold, old jade; and so shall have a princely reception. That is the way of the world now-a-days, and we shall be in the fashion. Ha! I hear his footsteps.

Enter RICHARD COCKLESCRAFT, door L.F.

Cocklescraft. Good morn, friend Rob, the Hermit. The chapel did us good service last night.

Rob. Ay, that was a happy thought of mine—the red fire—excellent devil's fire it makes. And then the masks—the very noses of them would frighten his lordship's whole army. But whence come you now, and with what plunder have you stored the chapel?

Coc. You shall be answered variously, friend Rob. To the good people of St. Mary's I am from Antwerp, and master of the merchantship, the Olive Branch. To you, my comrade, I am from Tortugas—captain, del Escalfador, with the very pick of a Spanish bark that was fool enough to fall in my way.

Rob. Ha! ha! I guessed thy deviltry, Richard Cocklescraft, when I saw thee cross the threshold with that suspicious sombrero on your head. That never came from Holland, though you would fain persuade the people of the province that you trade nowhere else.

Coc. It is a tell tale, and should have been thrown overboard ere this. Kate of Warrington, you shall have the sombrero for a bonnet, and I have stores of ribbons to set it off. *(Gives her the hat.)*

Kate. My share of the world's favors has never been more than the cast-off bravery of such as hold a high head over a wicked heart. But I must be thankful for these blessings, and so, Master Cocklescraft, I thank you.

(She puts the hat on and struts across the stage.)

Coc. How, Kate, you have lost none of that railing tongue I left

with you at my last venture. I marvel that the devil has not shorn it out of pure envy.

Kate. You need not fear it longer. You have made your last present and your last voyage, boy!

Coc. Peace, woman! you are no prophet, though you would have folks think so. But, Rob, I have news for you. The time has now come when, peradventure, we must part. I will be married, Robert Swale!

Rob. You married! What crochet's this? I spit upon you for a fool!

Coc. I will be married, as I say, friend Rob, neither more nor less. To what wench, say you? Why, to the very fairest flower of this province—the Rose of St. Mary's—the collector's own daughter.

Rob. The collector's daughter! Would you sack the town and take the damsel? You know no other trick of wooing.

Coc. By my honor, Rob, I am especially besought by the collector himself to make one of a choice company at his house to-morrow. And I shall woo and win his fair daughter. Oh, she will be the very bird of the sea; the girl of the billow, Rob!

Rob. You will never find grace with the girl, fool.

Coc. Thou liest! I love the maiden and mean to have her, fairly if I can, but after the fashion of the Brothers of the Coast, if I must. She may not consent at once, because she has a toy of delight in that silken secretary of my lord—one Master Verheyden, I think they call him.

Rob. Ha, what is he? Whence comes he?

Coc. I know not, neither do I care. I will whip him like a dog out of my way. What, are you angry, Rob, that you scowl so?

Rob. I needs must be to see you making a fool of yourself. (*Aside.*) Verheyden! his lordship's secretary! No, no, it cannot be!

Coc. Mutter as you will, Rob, I will try conclusions with the secretary, folly or no folly. If he come between me and the maiden he shall smart for it.

Rob. Ha, ha! Thy spirit is ever for undoing. Mischief is your proper element, your food, your repose, your luxury. I have scanned you in all your humors.

Coc. I will not be scorned, old man. The maiden shall be mine though I pluck her from beneath her father's blazing roof-tree, and then farewell to the province and to you. I came not here to be taunted with your ill-favored speech. My men shall be withdrawn from the chapel. I will put them on better service than to minister to your greed of gain.

Rob. Hot-brained idiot! Do you not know that I can put you in the dust and trample on you as a caitiff? That I can drive you from the province as a vile outlaw? Dare you tempt my anger? If you would thrive even in your villainous wooing, have a care not to provoke my displeasure. One word from me and not a man paces your

deck ; you go abroad unattended, a fugitive, with hue and cry at your heels ; or remain here to suffer the penalty of the law for your crimes. How darest thou provoke me boy ?

Coc. (*Advancing.*) Your hand, Rob. You say no more than my folly warrants. Your pardon, let there be peace between us.

Rob. Art reasonable again ? Bravely confessed, Richard ? I forgive you for your rash speech. Now go your way, and may the foul fiend speed you. I have naught to counsel either for strife or peace. It will not be long before this wretched body of mine shall sink into its natural resting-place ; and it matters not how the remnant of life be spent—whether in hoarding or keeping. The world will find me an heir for what little wealth I may have accumulated. Go thy way.

Coc. I will see you again, friend Rob. I go now to the chapel, and then to the port to drive my suit to a speedy issue. I came here to give you notice of my design, and perchance to get your aid. You have no counsel for me ? It is well. My own head and arm shall befriend me ; they have served me in straits more doubtful than this. Now to complete my work. Farewell. (*Exit door L.F.*)

Rob. (*Looking after him.*) Go thy way, snake of the sea ; spawn of a water devil ! You married ! ha ! ha ! ha ! Your lady gay shall have a sweetened cup in you ; and your wooing shall be as tender and gentle as the appetite of the sword-fish ! It shall be festival wooing—all in the light—in the light—of the bride's own blazing roof-tree. Oh, I cannot choose but laugh ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Closed in.

SCENE III.—*Apartment in the Rose Croft in Second grooves. Time, evening.*

Enter BLANCHE WARDEN *and* ALBERT VERHEYDEN, R.

Blanche. I am glad the skipper has not come to the party. His shrewdness has taught him that notwithstanding my father's good will there is little welcome for him at the Rose Croft.

Albert. (*Looking off L.*) You reckon without your host, Mistress Blanche. He is even now coming to greet you.

Enter RICHARD COCKLESCRAFT, L.

Coc. Heaven save the Rose of St. Mary's, the beautiful flower of our new world. You have a gallant company in the hall to-night. I am glad to meet the ladies of the province once again. The salt waters whet a sailor's eye for friendly faces. Mistress Blanche, you have grown even more beautiful than when I last saw you.

Blanche. Master Cocklescraft, I know not if you ever saw Albert Verheyden, his lordship's secretary.

Coc. I was not so lucky as to fall into his company. We shall not lack acquaintance, sir, if you be a friend of the daughter of Anthony Warden, the good collector of the port of St. Mary's. Mistress Blanche, I have remembered the Rose of St. Mary's in my voyaging. She is never so far out of my mind that I might come back to the port without some token for her. I would crave your acceptance of a pretty mantle of crimson silk, which will well become the gay figure of our pretty mistress of the Rose Croft,

Blanche. You may find a worthier hand for such a gift. I cannot accept it, Master Cocklescraft.

Coc. You will, perhaps, think better of it when you see the mantle. Women are so changeable, Master Secretary. I will bring it for your inspection, Mistress Blanche.

Blanche. You may spare yourself the trouble.

Coc. Nay, mistress, I count nothing a trouble which shall allow me to please your fancy. (*Approaching* BLANCHE WARDEN.) I pray you, maiden, think not so lightly of my wish to serve you.

Albert. (*Advancing and taking him aside.*) Master Skipper, you should be satisfied with her answer as she gives it you. It vexes the daughter of Anthony Warden to be thus besought.

Coc. Perhaps you are right, sir, but when I would be intored for my behavior he shall be a man who does it, and shall wear a beard and sword, both. We shall know each other better soon, sir. (*Returns to* BLANCHE WARDEN.) Well, Mistress Blanche, so be it. Damsels have the privilege of denial all the world over. But I would dance with you at your first leisure. Shall it be the next dance?

Blanche. I know not whether I may dance again to-night, Master Cocklescraft.

Coc. There spoke the same voice that refused my mantle, Your cruelty, mistress, is only equalled by your beauty. But I will not trouble you with my unwelcome suit.

Blanche. I will dance with you, Master Cocklescraft. Call on me for the next set, and I will dance it with you.

(*Exit* BLANCHE and ALBERT, R.)

Coc. Ha! ha! I thought she would relent. 'Tis not in her nature to be so unkind. But who and what is this Master Secretary that would set the maiden of the Rose Croft against me? By St. Iago! but he shall feel the weight of my hand, and that soon. He lied; the maiden did not dislike my questioning; only to have it openly spoken. Old Anthony Warden has shown me grace; his daughter in the end will follow his liking. Am I less worthy in old Anthony Warden's eyes than that pen and ink slave of his lordship's occasions? Ha! Here comes old Anthony. My opportunity has arrived!

Enter ANTHONY WARDEN, L.

Coc. Well met, Master Warden, well met! I have a word for your private ear, if you please. It is somewhat late, and I will speak to my purpose quickly, in seamen's fashion.

Warden. Speak quickly, then, Master Cocklescraft, I shall like it the better.

Coc. Master Warden, then, without mincing the matter, I would have your leave to woo our beautiful maiden, your daughter.

War. Who—what—how!

Coc. Your daughter, Mistress Blanche; ay, and have your good word to the suit. I love her like a true son of the sea—heartily; and in that sort would woo her.

War. What is this you ask?

Coc. I have gold enough, Master Warden; no man may turn his heel upon me for lack of gold.

War. How now, sirrah! *You* would woo my daughter! Woo her? my Blanche? Richard Cocklescraft, have you lost your wits—turned fool, idiot; or is your brain fevered with drink? *You* make suit to my daughter! *You* win and wear a damsel of her nurture! Hear me; your craft is a good one—I do not deny it—an honest calling when lawfully followed—but you sail on a false reckoning when you hope to find favor with my girl Blanche. Your rough sea jacket and your sharking license on the salt sea mates not, with daughter of mine—the rose-leaf and the sea-nettle! You venture too largely on your welcome, sirrah! Master Skipper, there is insolence in this. Hark you, sir! If you would not have me disown your acquaintance and forbid you my house, you will never speak again of my daughter. (*Exit R.*)

Coc. So it has come to this. It was but a holiday welcome after all. A sea-nettle! He shall find me one! by St. Anthony! he shall find me one! And that sharking license he speaks of—he shall taste its flavor! I was brought here by his persuasion—yea—command. Who so free in his admission here as I? Oh, wind and the broad sea sky; it was not in your nursing I learned the patience to bear this wrong. You are not too old yet, Anthony Warden, to be taught the hazard of rousing a Bloody Brother! And for you, gay maiden, dream on of your bookish ballad-singer, Master Albert. I have a reckoning to settle with him. It will be a dainty exploit to send him, feet first, into the chapel for a blessing. Ha! the secretary himself—we meet at a fortunate hour!

Enter ALBERT VERHEYDEN, S.E.R.

Coc. I have a word for you, sir; if you be a man you will listen.

Albert. You are somewhat peremptory, sir. I have once before rebuked your rudeness.

Coc. You have the maiden to thank that I did not bring you to

instant account for that insolent reproof you speak of. I would deal with you for it now. Dare you meet me to-morrow, at noon, at Cornwaley's Cross?

Albert. I dare meet you, or any man who has the right to claim it of me, in the way of honorable quarrel, if such be the meaning of your challenge. Though I question your right, you shall find me, sir, punctual to your summons.

Coc. It is well. So good-night, Master Secretary. (*Aside.*) To-morrow, ha! ha! to-morrow! (*Exeunt R. and L.*)

SCENE IV.—*Cornwaley's Cross, Field and wood scene, with water in distance, in fourth grooves. Dark, rude wooden cross in background.*

ALBERT VERHEYDEN and CAPTAIN DAUNTREES discovered R. RICHARD COCKLESCRAFT and ROCHE DEL CARMINE discovered L. The seconds holding swords.

Capt. (*Aside to ALBERT.*) The skipper is surly. I am glad to see it, it denotes passion. Receive the assault from him; stand on your defence, giving ground slightly to his advance, then, suddenly, when you have whipped him to a rage, give back the attack hotly. Then thrust home; and the shorter you make this quarrel the better.

Albert. I am more at ease in this play than you think me. Let us go to our business.

(CAPTAIN DAUNTREES, with two swords in hand, advances towards COCKLESCRAFT.)

Capt. I would be acquainted with your second. Master Cocklescraft. Here are our swords; shall we measure?

Coc. Master Roche del Carmine.

Capt. I would you had matched me with an antagonist of better degree, Master Skipper, than this mate of yours. You could match us with gentlemen at least.

Roche. Gentlemen! St. Salvador! Am not I gentleman enough for you? I belong to the Coast—

Coc. Peace, sirrah! prate not here—leave me to speak! Master Roche del Carmine is not my second, but my follower, Master Dauntrees. I came here to make my own battle.

Capt. I came here prepared with my sword to make good the quarrel of my friend against any you might match me with. So second or follower, bully or bravo at your heels, Master Cocklescraft, I will fight with this Master Roche.

Coc. That is but boy's play, and I will none of it, Captain Dauntrees. This custom of making parties brings the quarrel to an end at the first drawing of blood. I wish no such respite. My demand stops not short of a mortal strife.

Albert. My sword, sir! (*Walks up to CAPTAIN, and seizes sword.*) This is my quarrel alone, Captain Dauntrees, you strike no blow in it. (*To COCKLESCRAFT.*) Upon your guard, sir! I will have no further parley.

Capt. (*Interposing with his sword between the parties.*) Are you mad! Back, Master Verheyden, this quarrel must proceed orderly.

(*He conducts ALBERT back to R. and recovers sword—places ALBERT in position—approaches ROCHE and goes through the ceremony of measuring swords—places one in ALBERT's hand—and stands R. with his own drawn. ROCHE hands sword to COCKLESCRAFT, and stands carefully back, U.E.L. CAPTAIN DAUNTREES gives the word, "Now." Onset made by COCKLESCRAFT with energy. Blows parried by ALBERT. Hot fight.*)

Capt. Bravo! To it, Master Albert! Hotly, master!

(*ALBERT strikes sword from COCKLESCRAFT's hand; stops, and brings the point of his own sword to the ground.*)

Capt. The fight is done; we hold you, sir, at mercy. (*Places his foot upon COCKLESCRAFT's sword.*) Master Verheyden came here upon your challenge. Your life is in his hands. You have had your satisfaction, sir.

(*CAPTAIN DAUNTREES steps aside, and COCKLESCRAFT picks up his sword and advances upon ALBERT.*)

Coc. Renew! Renew! To it again, villain! I'll have your life.

Capt. You deserve to be cloven to the chin for this dastardly bravado! Out upon thee for a disgrace to thy calling!

(*Strikes COCKLESCRAFT's sword from his hand with his own, and sends it into the air.*)

Roche. (*Advancing at a safe distance.*) By the Virgin! I will not see my captain put upon. Whoop! For the Brothers of the Coast! Let them have it, master!

Coc. Catiff! Back to the boat, you knave, is it thus you serve me? Begone! (*Exit ROCHE DEL CARMINE, U.E.L.—RICHARD COCKLESCRAFT following.*) I go, but shall find another day to right myself! (*Exit U.E.L.*)

Capt. The knave has not met his deserts. But let us return; his lordship will suspect our absence. (*Exeunt S.E.R.*)

Enter RICHARD COCKLESCRAFT, U.E.L.—picks up his sword,

Coc. I renounce them all, their tribe and generation! From this day forth I abjure all fellowship with them, but such fellowship as my sword may maintain! The maiden, bonny damsel, shall dance yet at my bidding, but it shall be on board my merry Escalfador, and beneath a warmer sun than her pride has been nurtured in.

And thou, Master Albert, shall be cared for; and Master Collector! Ha! ha! There shall be blows struck; there shall be rich feasting for the Brothers of the Coast! Why should we hover o'er the nestlings of Peru, when we have such dainty devilttries in the temperate zone? I will straight about this plot of mischief whilst my brain is yet warm enough to hatch it.

(*Exit L.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Roadside Scene in First Grooves.*

Enter ANTHONY WARDEN and BLANCHE, L., and ALBERT VERHEYDEN, R.

War. Welcome, Master Verheyden, heartily welcome! Give us a hand, good Albert. I thank thee for the service thou hast done in lowering the plume of that saucy sea-urchin. Why didst thou not run him through the body?

Albert. I sought no quarrel with the skipper, and am thankful that we parted with so little hurt. Mistress Blanche, your birthday feast will be well remembered in the province for the pleasure it has given, and you have won many wishes for a long and happy life.

Blanche. Alas! whatever others may think, I have wept sorely for that unlucky feast. I have reason to grieve that I was persuaded to make it.

War. Master Verheyden, you shall take my place for a stroll with Mistress Blanche. I have a more profitable calling to visit my fields. Ha! Master Albert, you wear a love token on your breast. (*Takes hold of locket hung from ALBERT's neck, under his cloak.*) Some lady of the other side of the water, eh?

Albert. 'Tis my poor mother's likeness. She put it around my neck with her own hands as she lay upon her death-bed, and I have worn it ever since. It is the only remembrance I have of her. I was a child when she died, but not too young to feel the loss of one who loved me so well.

War. Pardon, good lad! a thousand times I beg your pardon for my rash speech. Farewell, I will see you again at dinner.

(*Exit L. BLANCHE and ALBERT walk.*)

Albert. It is a lovely morning, Mistress Blanche. Heaven has

garnished no fairer land than this, nor is there a nook upon this wide globe that I would sooner make my home.

Blanche. I trust it will ever be your home, Master Albert. They who come hither from the Old World seldom think of going back.

Albert. My fortunes are guided by my good lord, and even now he sometimes speaks of going hence again to England. With my own free will I should never leave this sunny land.

Blanche. Surely his lordship would not take you hence against your will. Indeed we could not—his lordship will not leave the province again—or if he does—

Albert. I needs must follow at his command.

Blanche. He will not command it, Master Albert. His lordship may command you stay.

Albert. I need not his command: your wish, Mistress Blanche, nay, your permission, would keep me here, even if my inclination tended back to the Old World.

Blanche. My wish, Albert! How could I have any other wish but that you stay? Do we not sing and play together? ride, sail and hunt together? Oh, how could I wish other than that you stay with us, Albert?

Albert. Come, then, what hazards may; I swear by this good day, and by this beauteous world, that I will never leave thee!

(Presses her hand to his lips, and exeunt R.)

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Black Chapel in Third grooves. Practicable door, L.F. Rough table with liquor and tobacco on it, C. Casks, boxes, etc., about stage. Lights burning upon table. Stage half dark. Distant thunder heard at intervals.*

The Pirate Crew discovered seated on casks, boxes, &c.—RICHARD COCKLESCRAFT in centre, elevated above the others—ROB, THE HERMIT seated R., looking over papers by light of lantern. KATE OF WARRINGTON waiting upon the revelers.

Coc. (Brandishing a wine-cup.) Drink hearty, lads! Drain dry to the Esculfader! Our merry ship shall dance to-morrow on the green wave; so do honor to the last night we spend ashore. Remember, we have a reckoning to settle with the good folks of St. Mary's before we depart. Are you all ready to follow me in an exploit of rare deviltry? Speak, boys!

Omnise. Ay, ready, Master Captain!

Rob. (Aside.) Ay, as ready as wolves to suck the blood of lambs! *(Aloud.)* How can they be otherwise under thy teaching, Richard?

Coc. Ha! old dry bones, art thou awake? By St. Iago! I thought thy leaden eyelids had been closed ere this. Ho, lads, lead Master Robert forward—we will treat him as becomes a man of worship.

Rob. (Drawing dagger.) By St. Romnald! the man that lays hand upon me to move me where it is not my pleasure to go, shall leave his blood upon this floor. Who are you, Richard Cocklescraft, that you venture to bait me with your bullies?

Coc. How now, Master Rob? *(Rising and approaching Rob.)* Would'st quarrel with friends? 'Twas but in honest reverence that I would have had thee led to the table. Come, old comrade, we will not be ruffled when we are to part so soon.

Rob. A hangdog—a scapegrace—a devil's babe in swaddling bands of iniquity art thou, Child Richard! *(Laughing bitterly.)* I will pledge thee in a cup, Fill me a cup of that wine of Portugal, Kate. *(Kate hands him glass—he rises.)* Here's success to your next venture, and a merry meeting to count your gains.

Coc. Amen to that! Our next venture shall be a swoop upon the doves of St. Mary's.

Kate. A merry meeting it will be when you count your gains! Robert Swale will keep the reckoning of it.

Coc. Peace, old woman, your accursed croaking is always loudest when least welcome!

Roche. Fill for me, brothers! I will pledge the captain and our company—with "his lordship's secretary." We owe him a reckoning which shall be paid in the coin of the Costa Rica.

Coc. Bravo! Huzza, boys—shout to that! Drink deep to it, in token of a deep vengeance. I thank you, Roche, for that remembrance. Now, comrades, we must depart to bring the brigantine down to the mouth of the creek. And then—to the city, to the city!

(Exeunt all, door L.F. Rain, thunder and lightning. A knock is heard at door. ALBERT VERHEYDEN speaking outside.)

Albert. Good people, arouse, for the sake of a benighted traveler who has lost his way in the wood, I pray you give me shelter.

(Door opens.)

Enter ALBERT VERHEYDEN, L.F., enveloped in a cloak.

Albert. Here have been dwellers, and that recently; but whither have they fled? I met no one as I came from the wood. Oh, I am wet and weary. But what kind of storehouse is this? I would I might see its keepers. Surely they cannot be far off, for their flagons are left behind; and not drained, either, for here I find good wine, which to my wearied frame, is no boon to be despised. I greet you, honest necter, *(drinking)* you come at a good time. Heigho! was ever man so weary. I will lie down on these course wrappings and repose.

(Lies down c. and sleeps.)

Enter ROB, THE HERMIT, with lantern, door L.F. Heavy storm.

Rob. I left my wallet in this cursed chapel and must find it. Should these night birds make prize of my written memorials—ah! what is this I see! a stranger! (*Advances—stoops, with dagger uplifted, above ALBERT—suddenly starts—drops dagger to his side—starts back.*) Blessed St. Romnald, shield me from this sight! It is a spectre conjured hither from the grave—the juggling cheat of a fiend that reads to me, in that face, the warning of a life of sin! Oh, heavens! I cannot strike thee, whatsoe'er thou art! So, in very truth *she* looked while slumbering on her pillow. That same fair forehead—that silken eyelash—that curling lip. Who art thou, and what witchcraft hath thrown thee into this foul abode? Sure, I am awake. I have not closed mine eyes this night. There stand the tokens of this night's debauch—these cups, these flasks, and this familiar den of villainy—all bear witness that I do not wander in my sleep. These limbs are flesh and blood, (*raises ALBERT's hand from his breast*) and that brow is warm with the heat of healthful action. Holy saints of heaven! can it be? What is here? (*Draws forth locket and chain from ALBERT's bosom.*) "To Louise." Merciful heaven! by what miracle am I haunted by this sight! Louise, poor girl!—that little portrait of thyself I gave thee with my own hand—'tis now two-and-twenty years ago. And can this be thy child and mine, Louise? Oh, hapless was thy fate, but doubly wretched mine. William Wetherby—thou hast been the fool and dupe of that devilish disease of thy blood that has brought curses upon thee and thine! There, sleep on the bosom of thy child, mother of an unhappy destiny. (*Replaces locket.*) This is no place for thee, unwary boy. I must rouse thee ere these bloodhounds fall upon thy track!

(*ALBERT awakes, springs up, and draws his sword. Thunder and lightning.*)

Albert. Where am I—and who are ye? Your pardon, friend. (*Dropping his sword's point.*) I had an evil dream that awoke me. Will your goodness tell me—for I am a benighted traveler—what place this is, and to whom I am indebted for this shelter?

Enter RICHARD COCKLESCRAFT, ROCHE DEL CARMINE, PEDRO, and FRANCIS, door L.F.

Coc. Ha, by St. Iago! thou art most welcome, Master Verheyden! 'Tis my house, make free with it. I did not hope for the honor of this visit—thrice welcome!

Albert. A misadventure has thrown me into the power of banditti. I have naught to say. I know your wicked will, and can hope for no mercy.

Coc. You guess me right. You and yours especially I hate—and I have sworn against your life. By the law of our brotherhood you die this night. Roche del Carmine, take him forth and discharge a

brace of pistols into his heart. His heart—be sure of it—I would strike his heart—it shall kill more than one.

Rob. Richard Cocklescraft, have I lost my authority under this roof, that thou ventur'est to usurp my right to decree the fate of the rash fool who invades our secret. At the peril of your life, Roche del Carmine, dare to do the bidding of your captain. I will pronounce the doom of this intruding spy. Drown him! Let the wide waters wash away all traces of the deed; let the ravening shark devour him.

Coc. Ha, ha, ha! you have a conceit in your humanity, Rob! Do it—do it in your way; but in the devil's name be quick about it. I have good sport for these lads to-night, and little time to lose.

Rob. Give me Francis and Pedro, and I will order the matter myself.

Coc. See thou, then, to it. Come, Roche, we will away to our duties.

(Exeunt RICHARD COCKLESCRAFT and ROCHE DEL CARMINE door L.F.—FRANCIS and PEDRO disarm ALBERT, and bind him with cords.)

Albert. Why didst thou not take my life at once? Why mock my spirit with this horrible delay? I appeal to stones; to brutes more senseless than stones. Holy martyrs; aid me in my extremity! Heaven will avenge this wrong.

Rob. Why dost falter, knaves? Ha! you must be wrought by your accustomed devil to this work. There, go to it; there are strong waters to aid your lacking courage. *(Gives them a bottle—they drink.)* Fear it not, Pedro! Stint not, Francis! 'Tis an ugly job at best, and needs this aid. Drink again!

Pedro. Ay, that I will, like a Bloody Brother! *(Drinks.)*

Francis. Ha, Diavolo! Give me the bottle!

(Takes it and drinks.)

Rob. Brave lads, both! But we shall be late with our work, haste thee!

Pedro. The necklace—I had forgot the necklace!

(Exits, and returns with large round stone tied with cords—puts it around ALBERT's neck.)

Rob. Now to the skiff, boys; get it ready upon the beach. See that you have the oars. *(Exeunt PEDRO and FRANCIS, door L.F.)* In heaven's name, boy, canst swim?

Albert. I can.

Rob. Thanks for that word! Thou wilt sit beside me in the boat—I will cut these cords. When I extinguish my light, spring into the waves—make for this shore. I will detain these drunken knaves from pursuit. Make your way northward along the beach and you will be saved.

Pedro. *(Looking in at door.)* All ready, Master Rob.

Rob. Take more drink, Pedro—it is a wet night.

(PEDRO enters and drinks—Exeunt all, door L.F.)

Enter RICHARD COCKLESCRAFT, ROCHE DEL CARMINE, and CREW,
door, L.F.

Coc. We have just time for a glass and a parting song while waiting for Rob's return. Ha! boys, but there will be one ballad-singer less in the world! Now I may sing without a rival, so strike in, boys!
(*Pirate or drinking song and chorus.*)

Enter ROB, THE HERMIT, PEDRO and FRANCIS, door L.F.

Rob. (*Aside.*) Holy Saints, I thank thee! and here on this threshold, I dedicate the remnant of a sinful life to penitence and prayer! (*Aloud.*) Ha! Master Cocklescraft, a stormy night we have had for this foul play.

Coc. Have you done it, and well? By my fellowship, Rob, I envy you the deed. Did he pray for his life? Oh, it was a rare chance that gave him to us this night! Tell us how he bore himself.

Rob. Ah, Master Cocklescraft, hear me. The salt sea is an unruly monster. It quenched my light—we shipped a hog'shead of brine. A darker night was never known. A moment and he was gone. The waves that overwhelmed us did wash him over without our aid.

Coc. A weight was fastened to him?

Rob. It was.

Coc. And did he shuffle it off? Pedro, was the weight left in the boat?

Pedro. It was, master. I know not how it happened.

Coc. Ten thousand devils! thou drunken fool, he has escaped! Could'st thou not keep thy head clear for such a service? And thou, old Rob, the Hermit, couldst thou not keep thy lantern burning for it? Fool that I was, to trust this matter to such as you! How came he to be so weakly bound that in this brief time he could release himself?

Rob. Thou must needs have a revel in the chapel to-night, and these tarred monsters of thine have grown muddy-brained and thick-sighted. Have I command of the waves that they should not have power to extinguish my lantern?

Coc. The curse of the Brothers of the Coast be upon him! Twice he has escaped me—I will have my vengeance yet. Rob, as the fox has escaped from your hand I may claim a service from you. I start immediately for St. Mary's, with a dozen of my best men. I have doings on foot, old Rob, that shall pay me for this mishap. I will put the brigantine—with what few men I leave behind—under your command. You will go aboard, and direct it to an anchorage on the other side of the first of the Heron Islands. There I will join you soon after daylight. Oh, but his lordship's city shall ring with

wailing at my leave-taking! What sayest thou, Rob, wilt go aboard?

Rob. When do you set forth?

Coc. Now—the instant—so soon as I may get my cutthroats started.

Rob. At what hour does the brigantine sail?

Coc. By two o'clock, at latest—as much sooner as you choose.

Rob. Ha, ha, ha! Thou wilt make me a limb to help thy deviltry? Well, so be it. I will take on the office of skipper for awhile, even as thou takest on thy more accustomed garb of an incarnate devil.

Coc. 'Tis agreed. Behind the first island, remember, Rob. Be cautious you do not cast anchor where you may be observed.

Rob. Ha, ha! Ay, truly, *I will be very careful that no one sees the brigantine!*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Garden and Exterior of the Rose Croft in Fourth grooves. Stage darkened. Set house, L.C., with practicable door and upper window.*

Enter RICHARD COCKLESCRAFT, ROCHE DEL CARMINE, and CREW, armed, *ll.*

Coc. Quiet, brothers, quiet. Listen to me. Creep in silence to yonder dwelling, and pluck from her bed the fairest damsel of this Western World. Mark me, comrades—you have sacked towns and spoiled many an humble roof; you have torn children from the arms of their mothers, and wives from the arms of their husbands; you have dragged maidens from the inmost chambers of their dwellings, and laughed at their prayers for safety; and you have rioted over all with the free license of the Bloody Brothers—but take it to your souls this night that no unnecessary blow be struck, no ontery raised, no deed of violence done. I go to seek a bride—not plunder; and I command you all, on the duty you owe your leader, that you do her all honor as mistress of the Escalfador. Do you heed me, messmates? Roche del Carmine, to you I look to see this order enforced.

Roche. If it be but the taking of a single damsel, it was hardly worth while leaving the bottle of the chapel,

Coc. Dost thou prate, sirrah? By my sword, I am in earnest in what I say—I will shoot down any man who disobeys my order.

Roche. I will answer for the crew. The lady shall be handled as gently as a child in the arms of its nurse.

Omnnes. Ay, ay, the captain shall not complain of us.

Coc. (Advancing.) I could wake thee, lady gay, with as blithe a serenade as ever tuned thy dreams to pleasant measures—but that I lack the instrument. And though I be not the cavalier of thy fancy, pretty rose of St. Mary's—yet, by my soul, I love thee well enough to put myself to some pains to teach thee how thou shalt love me. We dance together on the green wave to-morrow, lass; little as you dream now of such merriment. And as I would not have thy blushes seen, I must lead thee forth before the day. Now, boys! (*Advances and shouts.*) What ho! Fire, thieves, robbers! (*Strikes door of house.*) Rouse thee, rouse thee, Master Warden!

(*A scream is heard within—Upper window opens—ANTHONY WARDEN appears at it.*)

Warden. What does this mean? Who comes at this hour to disturb the family? Who are ye, I say, that seek to disturb the rest of my household with your villainous shouting?

Coc. (Aside.) Answer him, Roche, I dare not.

Roche. Open your door, collector, we have business with you.

War. Get you hence, drunken knaves, or I will call my servants and drive you off the grounds.

Coc. By my hand, if you do not open your doors, Master Warden, we will break them open, and quickly!

War. Who are you that speaks so saucily?

Coc. Richard Cocklescraft, an old friend, who, being about to put to sea, would pay his last visit to the officer of the port. Throw open your doors, old man, or it may be the worse for thy gray head!

War. (Shouting inside and leaving window.) Ho, Michael, Nicholas, Thomas, up—we are beset!

(*RICHARD COCKLESCRAFT and Crew attack door, beating it down—ANTHONY WARDEN discovered in door with gun—Servants appear behind—ANTHONY WARDEN fires, and ROCHE DEL CARMINE falls dead.*)

War. (Turning to servant behind.) Give me thy gun, Michael! I will teach these villains better manners. Back, knaves! (*He is seized by two pirates.*) Unhand me, ruffians! Help, help!

(*Servants disappear—a pirate is about to strike ANTHONY.*)

Coc. Stay that blow, coward! Strike him and you fall by my own sword! (*Turning aside the pike with his cutlass—Picture.*)

Banche. (Appearing at door, and springing forward.) Save my father. Oh, heaven, spare his life. Men of blood, have mercy on his age! He is old—too old to do you harm. Oh, save him?

Coc. For thy sake, gentle mistress, if for no other, he shall not suffer harm! Follow me, comrades, we have all we wish!

(*Seizes BLANCHE and raises her aloft in his arms—ANTHONY entreating—Pirates form group—Tableau—Closed in.*)

SCENE II.—*The Island of St. George. Wood scene, with water in distance, in third grooves.*

Enter RICHARD COCKLESCRAFT with BLANCHE WARDEN and four Sailors, R.

Coc. (*Looking off.*) The brigantine should be in sight from here, and yet I see it not. Have I again been foiled by that old dotard of St. Jerome's? has he overslept himself, or given way to some freak of his devilish temper? Why did I trust a laggard with this enterprise? Yet he is trusty, and has a devil's spice in him that fits him for such a duty. He will be here anon; the wind has left him, and what he had was in his teeth; the Escalfador does not keep pace with my longings. Patience, patience, we will wait here for him. John of Brazil, use your time to scoop a grave for our comrade Roche, and see him buried as suits a Brother of the Coast. (*One man exits R.*) Joseph, you and a messmate kindle a fire under yonder oak; our fair mistress is frozen into a dead silence. (*Exeunt two men.*) Harry Skelton, get to the lower end of the island, and watch for the coming of the brigantine. (*Exit one man, L.*) Now, Lady Blanche, you shall have sway over the whole island. You have your liberty, pretty maid of St. Mary's, so cheer up and make a fair use of it.

Blanche. Save me! spare a wretched girl who has never imagined, thought or spoken word of harm against you. Save me from a broken heart and bewildered brain; from misery, ruin and disgrace! If I, or any friend of mine, have ever given you offence, on my knees, (*kneeling*) and in the dust I entreat forgiveness. Oh, sir, if one touch of pity dwells in your bosom, think of the miserable being at your feet, and send her back to her home. Lend me but on yonder shore, and morning and evening I will remember you in prayers, and invoke blessings on your head!

Coc. Arise, sweet girl, this posture does not become our queen. (*Stoops to raise her—she shrinks back.*) This is but a foolish sorrow. Do I not love you, Blanche? Ay, by the Virgin! and mean to do well by you. I have chains of gold and jewels rare to make you as gay as the gaudiest flowers of the field. I will bear you to an enchanted isle, where slaves shall bend before you to do your bidding. We will abide in a sea-girt tower upon a sunny cliff; and through

your window shall the breezes from the blue Atlantic fan you to evening slumbers. My gay bark shall be your servant, and ride at your command upon the wave; whilst our merry men shall take tribute from all the world, that you may go braver and more daintily. Cheer up, my weeping mistress, your misfortune is not so absolute as at first you feared.

Blanche. (*Springs up—retreats a step.*) Base wretch! I dare to spurn your suit. Defenceless I stand here—a weak and captive girl—if it be the last word I have to utter—I abhor you and your loathsome offer. Did you think—did you think, sir, when you stole me from my father's house—that fair speech from you or promise of gold, could win me to be your wife? With holy and saddest reverence, I call my guardian saint to hear my vow—though I die I never will be yours!

Voices. (*Without.*) A boat! we are followed, we are followed!

Enter PIRATES, hurriedly, R.

Coc. What! we are followed? Stand, my lads, or—if needs be—scatter. Oh, where can be that cursed brigantine!

Blanche. They come! they come! Heaven be praised, they will rescue me. (*A shot is heard.*)

Coc. (*Seizes BLANCHE.*) Fire at your peril! You endanger the life of the Rose of St. Mary's! Fly, men, fly, to the boat, to the woods! (*Exit PIRATES.*) You cannot longer call me cruel, pretty maiden, for I give you back in pure courtesy to your friends. We have had a gay morning of it, girl—I would it had been longer. Without asking the favor, I kiss thy cheek. Farewell, farewell!

(*Kisses her rapidly and exits, L.*)

Enter ROB, THE HERMIT, CAPTAIN DAUNTREES, LORD BALTIMORE, ALBERT VERHEYDEN, ANTHONY WARDEN, ARNOLD DE LA GRANGE and SOLDIERS, R. ARNOLD DE LA GRANGE and SOLDIERS cross to L., and exeunt.

Capt. (*Seizing BLANCHE.*) Heaven bless thee, dear Mistress Blanche, your father is a happy man again! Take her, friends, you best know how to comfort her. (*Hands her to ANTHONY and ALBERT, who welcome her.*) By my troth, that Trojan war and rape of Helen they tell of was nothing to this! (*Exit L.*)

Rob. (*Advancing toward ALBERT.*) Oh, heaven, I have been reserved for this deed! I have saved his bride, as in mercy I was spared to save his life. Come closer to me, boy, that I may look thee in the face once more—my eyes are old and dim. I have placed myself below my fellowmen, and grovelled in the basest companionship, but I have saved his life. Ah, Albert, I had made up my mind to save it even with loss of my own.

Lord B. Robert Swale, you were thought to be an honest, though

solitary and misanthropic man—while you were, in reality, in partnership with ruthless men. Long has the province rung with stories of wicked rites celebrated at the Black Chapel. No sorcery nor witchcraft hath wrought these terrors; but the trickery of lawless ruffians with whom you were banded. The great services you have done in the saving of the secretary's life, and your removal of the brigantine and prompt repairing here to show us the hiding-place of the pirates, show an honest though late purpose of amendment.

Rob. My lord, if a life clouded by disgrace and stung with misery may atone for one deed of passion, I pray that my fate may raise one voice of pity. Sixteen years ago I sailed from the other side of the Atlantic, my name hidden from the world, as I hoped to hide myself. Our ship was wrecked upon this coast, and my wretched life was saved. I was found, famished and almost lifeless, upon the beach of St. Jerome's, by Kate of Warrington, who lived a strange and solitary life in the woods near by. I recovered, and dwelt in a hut near the spot where the waves had left me, for many long and weary years. Four years ago a band of buccaneers came to these waters. They tempted me. My old passions and thirst for gold returned, and I became an aid, comrade, ay, chief among them.

Enter CAPTAIN DAUNTREES, ARNOLD DE LA GRANGE and Soldiers, with RICHARD COCKLESCRAFT, closely guarded, L.

Coc. Hands off, hands off, I say! Hemmed in and overwhelmed, I surrender, and ask no favor at your hands. (*Flings down his sword.*) We came not here prepared for this. Take your victory and make the most of it.

Lord B. Viper! Does no sense of shame abash thy brow, here, in the very presence of those thou hast so foully wronged? Have the laws of the province no terrors for thee, outlaw?

Coc. I never acknowledged your lordship's laws. I have lived above them—coming and going as I would. I have but one master here, Lord Baltimore, and that is old Rob, the Hermit, my fellow-prisoner with you. We will die together.

Rob. Peace, knave! I know thee and thy villainies of old. Never again call me comrade of thine. Know you now, that I saved the secretary's life—that I gave back the daughter to her father's arms.

Coc. Thou! thou! Didst thou, then, betray me?

Rob. I foiled thee in thy horrid plot—I saved the boy's life, ha, ha! I saved his life; and left thee on the island without a refuge. Thy villainy deserved it.

Coc. Foiled! foiled! Betrayed, and by thee! Take the reward of thy devilish betrayal. Accursed, thrice accursed, die! (*Springs*

upon ROB, THE HERMIT, draws long knife from ROB's girdle, and stabs ROB in the breast.) We meet at another tribunal!

(Stabs himself to the heart and falls dead—ROB, THE HERMIT totters—is raised by ALBERT VERHEYDEN—BLANCHE WARDEN near ALBERT—Tableau formed by other characters in the background.

Rob. My web is wove. Albert Verheyden—thou lookest upon thy father—William Wetherby—a man of crime and misery. Thy hand, boy, thy lips upon my brow—there, there. Pity me, my son. Be happy with thy bride—and forgive me for thy mother's sake.
Poor Louise—Louise— (He sinks and dies—Tableau

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